

THE
TRAGEDY

OF
CHRONONHOTHOLOGOS:

BEING

The most tragical Tragedy that ever was tragedized by any company of Tragedians.

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in

DRURY-LANE

By BENJAMIN BOUNCE Esq;

Qui capit, ille facit.



Printed in the Year 1752.

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

Chrononhotonthologos, King of Queerumania.
Bombardinion, his general,
Aldiborontiphoscephornio,
Rigdum-Funnidos
Captain of the guards
Cupid
Signior Scacciatinello
Doctor, Cook, dumb master of the ceremonies

W O M E N.

Fadladinida, Queen of Queerumania,
Tatlanthe, her maid,
Venus Goddess of Beauty
1st Lady,
2d Lady,
Signiora Sacarina.





Chrononhotonthologos.

S C E N E I.

An Anti-chamber in the Palace.

Enter Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphoscephornio.

Rigdum-Funnidos.

A LDIBORONTIPHOSCEPHORNIO !
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos ?
Aldib. Fatigu'd with the tremendous toil
of war,

Within his tent, on downy couch succumbent,
Himself he unfatigues with gentle slumbers ;
Lull'd by the chearful trumpet's glad some clangor
The noise of drums, and thunder of artillery,
He sleeps supine amidst the din of war :
And yet 'tis not definitively sleep ;
Rather a kind of dose, a waking slumber,
That sheds a stupefaction o'er his senses :
For now he nods and snores ; anon he starts ;
Then nods and snores again : if this be sleep,
Tell me, ye Gods ! what mortal man's awake !
What says my friend to this ?

A 2

Rigd-

Rigd. Say! I say he sleeps dog-sleep; what a plague would you have me to say?

Aldib. O impious thought! O curst insinuation! As if great Chrononhotonthologos
To animals detestable and vile
Had ought the least similitude!

Rigd. My dear friend! you intirely misapprehend me: I did not call the king dog by craft; I was only going to tell you the soldiers had just received their pay, and are all as drunk as so many swabbers.

Aldib. Give orders instantly, that no more money
Be issued to the troops; mean time, my friend,
Let all the baths be fill'd with seas of coffee,
To stupify their souls into sobriety

Rigd. Ifancy you had better banish the futtlers,
and blow the geneva casks to the devil.

Aldib. Thou counsell'st well, my Rigdum-Funni-
And reason seems to further thy advice: (dos,
But soft—The king in pensive contemplation
Seems to resolve on some important doubt;
His soul, too copious for this earthly fabrick,
Starts forth spontaneous in soliloquy,
And makes his tongue the midwife of his mind:
Let us retire, lest we disturb his solitude. *(they*
retier.

Enter King.

This god of sleep is watchful to torment me,
And rest is grown a stranger to mine eyes:
Sport not with Chrononhotonthologos,
Thou idle slumb'rer, thou detested Somnus;
For if thou dost, by all the waking pow'rs
I'll tear thine eye-balls from their leaden sockets,
And force thee to outstare eternity

(Exit in a great buff.

Re-enter

Chrononhotonthologos.

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Re-enter Rigdum, Funnidos and Aldiborontiph.

Rigd. The king's in a cursed passion: pray who is this Mr. Somnus he's so angry withal?

Aldib. The son of Chaos and Erebus,
Incestuous pair! brother of Mors relentless,
Whose speckled robe and wings of blackest hue
Astonish all mankind with hideous glare;
Himself with sable plumes to men benevolent
Brings downy slumbers and refreshing sleep

Rigd. The gentleman may come of a very good family, for ought I know; but I wou'd not be in his place for the world, (bending,

Aldib. But lo! the king, his footsteps this way
His cogitative faculties immers'd
In cogibundity of cogitation;
Let silence close our folding doors of speech,
Till apt attention tell our heart the purport
Of this profound profundity of thought.

Re-enter King and attendants.

King. It is resolv'd—Now Somnus I defy thee
And from mankind ampute thy curst dominion,
These royal eyes thou never more shalt close,
Henceforth let no man sleep on pain of death;
Instead of sleep, let pompous pegeantry,
And solemn shew, with sonorous solemnity,
Keep all mankind eternally awake.
Bid Harlequino decorate the stage
With all magnificence of decorations,
Giants, giantesses, dwarfs and pigmies,
Songs, dances, musick in its amplest order,
Mimes, pantomimes, and all the magick motion
Of scene deceptivisive and sublime,

An entertainment of singing here, after the Italian man.

6 Chrononhotonthologos.

manner by Signior Scacciatinello and Signiora Sicarina.

Enter Captain of the guards.

To arms! to arms! great Chrononhotonthologos
Th' Antipodean pow'rs from realms below,
Have burst the solid intrails of the earth,
Gushing such cataracts of forces forth,
This world is too incopious to contain 'em :
Armies on armies march in form stupendous,
Not like our earthly legions, rank by rank,
But tire o'er tire, high pil'd from earth to heav'n :
A blazing bullet, bigger than the sun,
Shot from a huge and monstrous culverin,
Has laid your royal citadel in ashes. (den ingots,

King. Peace coward! were they wedg'd like gol-
Or pent so close as to admit no vacuum,
One look from Chrononhotonthologos
Shall stare them into nothing. Rigdum-Funnidos,
Bid Bombardinion draw his legions forth,
And meet us in the plains of Queerumania ;
This very now, ourselves will there conjoin him :
Mean time bid all the priests prepare their temples
For rites of triumph : let the singing fingers,
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize
Ev'n found itself. So be it as we have order'd. (Ex.

SCENE II. *A magnificent Apartment.*

Enter Q. Fadladinida, Tatlanthe and attendants.

Q. Day's curtain drawn, the morn begins to rise,
And waking nature rubs her sleepy eyes ;
The pretty little, fleecy bleating flocks

In

Chrononhotonthologos.

7

In baa's harmonious, warble thro' the rocks;
Night gathers up her shades in sable shrouds,
And whisp'ring osiers tattle to the clouds,
What think you, ladies, if an hour we kill
At basset, ombre, piquet or quadrille.

Tatl. Your majesty was pleas'd to order tea.

Q. My mind is alter'd; bring some ratafia.

(They are serv'd with a dram.

I have a famous fidler sent from France:

Bid him come in. What think you of a dance?

Enter. King of the fiddlers.

Thus to your majesty says our suppliant muse:
Would you a sola or sonata choose,

Or bold concerto, or soft siciliana,

Alla francese ovvero in gusto Romano?

When you command, 'tis done as soon as spoke.

Q. A civil fellow—Play us the black joak

(Queen and laddies dance the black joak.

So much for dancing; now let's rest a while.

Bring in the tea things; does the kettle boil?

Tatl. The water bubbles, and the tea-cups skip,
Through eager hope to kiss your royal lip.

(Tea brought in.

Q. Come ladies, will you please to chuse your
Or green imperial, or Pekoe bohea? *(Tea.*

1st Lady. Never, no, never sure on earth was
So gracious sweet and affable a queen. *(seen,*

2d Lady. She is an angel!

1st Lady. She's a goddess rather!

Tatl. She's angel, queen and goddess altogether!

Q. Away! you flatter me.

1st Lady. We don't indeed;

Your merit does our praises far exceed.

Q. You make me blush: pray help me to a fan.

1st Lady. That

1st Lady. That blush becomes you.

Tat!.

Wou'd I were a man

Q. I'll hear no more of this, as I'm a sinner :

(*Enter dumb master of the ceremonies making signs of eating.*)

Dear me ! that's true, I never thought of dinner ;
But 'twill be over, ladies very soon :

Mean time, my friend, play t' other little tune.

(*Musick plays, they all dance off.*)

SCENE III. *Another apartment*

Enter Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiph.

Rigd. 'Egad we're in the wrong box ; who the devil wou'd have thought that this same Chronon-hotonthologos shou'd have beat that mortal fight of Tippodeans ? why there's not a mother's child of 'em to be seen. 'Egad they footed it away as fast as their hands could carry 'em ; but they left their king behind 'em : we have him safe that's one comfort.

Aldib. Wou'd he were still at amplest liberty ; For, O ! my dearest Rigdum-Funnidos, I have a riddle to unriddle to thee, Shall make thee stare thy self into a statue. Our queen's in love with this Antipodean.

Rigd. The devil she is ! well I see mischief is going foreward with a vengeance. (with conquest)

Aldib. But lo ! the conqueror comes all crown'd A solemn triumph graces his return : Let's grasp the forelock of this apt occasion, To greet the victor in his flow of glory.

Enter

Chrononhotonthologos,

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Enter King in Triumph, met by Rigdum and Aldib

Aldib. All hail to Chrononhotonthologos!
 Thrice, trebly welcome to your loyal subjects!
 My self and faithful Rigdum-Funnidos,
 Lost in a labyrinth of love and loyalty,
 Intreat you to inspect our inmost souls,
 And read in them what tongue can never utter.
King. Aldiborontiphoskophornio,
 To thee and gentle Rigdum-Funnidos
 Our gratulations flow in streams unbounded,
 Our bounty's debtor to your loyalty,
 Which shall with in'trest be repaid e're long.
 But where's our queen, where's Fadladinida?
 She shou'd be foremost in this gladesome train,
 To grace our trimuph; but I see she flights me:
 This haughty queen shall be no longer mine;
 I'll have a sweet and gentle concubine
Rigd. Now, my dear sweet Phoskophorny, for a
 swinging lye to bring the queen off; and I'll run
 with it this minute to her, that we may be all in
 a story. *(Aside.*
They whisper importunately, and Rigdum goes out
Aldib. Speak not, great Chrononhotonthologos,
 In accent so injuriously severe,
 Of Fadladinida, your faithful queen;
 Be me she sends an embassy of love,
 Sweet blandishments, and kind congratulations;
 But cannot, O! she cannot come herself (queen?
King. Our rage is turn'd to fear, what ails the
Aldib. A sudden diarrhaea's rapid force
 So stimulates the peristaltic motion,
 That all conclude her royal life in danger.
King. Bid the physicians of the earth assemble
 In consideration solemn and sedate,

Enter

B

More

More to corroborate their sage resolves,
 Call from their graves the learned men of old,
 Galen, Hippocrates and Paracelsus,
 Doctors, apothecaries, surgeons, chymists,
 All; all attend! & see they bring their med'cines
 Whole magazines of gallipotted nostrums,
 Materializ'd in pharmaceutick order:
 The man that cures our queen shall have our Em-
 pire. *(Exeunt omnes)*

Enter Tatlanthe and Queen.

Queen. Hey! ho! my heart!

Tatl. What ails my gracious queen

Queen O! would to Venus I had never seen—

Tatl. Seen what, my royal mistress?

Queen. Too! too much!

Tatl. Did it affright you?

Queen. No, 'tis nothing such

Tatl. What was it, madam!

Queen Really I don't know

Tatl. It must be something!

Queen. No.

Tatl. Or nothing.

Queen. No.

O? my Tatlanthe, have you ever seen—

Tatl. Can I guess what, unless you tell, my queen

Queen, The king I mean

Tatl. Just now return'd from war

He rides like Mars in his triumphal car:

Conquest presides with laurels in his hand;

Behind him fame does on her tripos stand,

Her golden trumpet shrill thro' the air she sounds

Which rends the earth and thence to heav'n

Trophies, & spoils innumerable grace (bounds:

Th

Chrononhotonthologos.

11

This triumph which all triumph does deface.

old, Hasten then great queen! your hero thus to meet,
Who longs to lay his laurels at your feet.

d'cines *Queen.* 'Art mad, Tatlanthe, I mean no such
Your talk's distasteful (thing ;

s, *Tatl.* Didn't you name the king ?

our Em *Queen.* I did, Tatlanthe ; but it was not thine ;
The charming king I mean is only mine.

omnes *Tatl.* Who else! who else! but such a charming
In Chrononhotonthologos should share. (fair,

The queen of beauty and the god of war

In you and Chrononhotonthologos should share ;

queen The queen of beauty and the god of arms

seen In him and you united blend their charms

O ! had you seen him, how he dealt out death.

much And at one stroke robb'd thousands of their breath ;

such While on the slaughter'd heaps himself did rise

In pyramids of conquest to the skies.

Queen. This does my utmost indignation raise ;

't know You are too partly lavish in his praise :

Leave me for ever.

Tatl. (kneeling.) O what shall I say ?

Do not, great queen, your anger thus display :

O ! frown me dead ; let me not live to hear

My gracious queen and mistress so severe,

I've made some horrible mistake, no doubt,

Oh ! tell me what it is !

Queen. No, find it out,

Tatl. No I will never leave you ; here I'll grow,

Till you some token of forgiveness show

O ! all ye pow'rs above, come down, come down !

And from her brow dispel that angry frown.

Queen. Tatlanthe rise, thou hast prevail'd at last ;

Offend no more, and I'll excuse what's past.

Tatl.

Th

Tatl. (aside) Why; what a fool was I, not to perceive her passion for the topsy-turvy king? the gentleman who carries his head where his pocket shou'd be: But I must tack about I see.

Excuse me gracious madam, if my heart (To the Bears sympathy with yours in ev'ry part. (Queen With you alike I sorrow and rejoice, Approve your passion, and commend your choice! The captive king.

Queen. That's he! that's he! that's he! I'd die ten thousand deaths to set him free; Oh! my Tatlanthe, have you seen his face, His air, his shape, his mein, with such a grace, Quite upside down, in a new way he stands; How prettily he foots it with his hands! Well, I must have him, if I live or die; To prison and his charming arms I fly (Exeunt

SCENE IV. A prison.

The King of the Antipodeans discover'd sleeping on a Couch.

Enter Queen.

Is this a place, oh! all ye gods above!
This a reception for the man I love!
See in what charming attitude he sleeps,
While nature's self at his confinement weeps!
Rise lovely monarch! see your friend appear,
No Chrononhotonthologos is here,
Command your freedom by this sacred ring,
Then command me? what says my charming king?
(Puts a ring in his mouth; he makes an odd kind of noise.)

Ab

not to Ah wretched queen! how happleſs is thy lot,
 ng? the To love a man that underſtands thee not!
 pocket O! lovely Venus, Goddeſs all divine!
 And gentle Cupid that ſweet ſon of thine!
 (To the Aſſiſt, aſſiſt me with your ſacred art,
 (Queen And teach me to obtain this ſtrangers heart.

choice! *Venus deſcends in her Chariot with Cupid and ſings.*

he! *See Venus does attend thee,*
My dilding, my dilding;
Love's goddeſs will befriend thee,
Lilly bright and ſhinee:
With pity and compaſſion,
My dilding &c.
She ſees thy tender paſſion,
Lilly, &c. Da Capo.

Exeunt

Air changes.

To thee I yield my pow'r divine,
Dance over the lady lee;
Demand what e'er thou wilt, 'tis thine,
My gay lady.
Take this magic wand in hand,
Dance, &c.
All the world's at thy command,
My gay, &c. Da Capo.

weeps!

pear,

ing,

ing king

odd kin

Ah

Cupid ſings.

Are you a widow, or are you a wife,
Gilly flow'r, gentle roſemary?
Or are you maiden ſo fair and ſo bright
As the dew that flies over the mulberry trees?

Queen

Queen.

*Would I were a widow as I am a wife,
Gilly flow'r, &c.*

*For I'm, to my sorrow, a maiden as bright
As the dew, &c.*

Cupid.

*You shall be a widow before it be night,
Gilly flow'r &c.*

*No longer a maiden so fair and so bright
As the dew, &c.*

*Two jolly young husbands your persons shall share
Gilly flow'r &c.*

*And twenty fine babies your body shall bear,
As the dew &c.*

Queen.

*O! Thanks Mr. Cupid, for this your good news,
Gilly flow'r, &c.*

*What woman alive wou'd such offers refuse,
While the dew &c.*

(Venus and Cupid re-ascend)

SCENE V. Bombardinion's Tent.

Enter King and Bombardinion

Bomb. This honour, royal sir, so royalizes
The royalty of your most royal actions,
The dumb can only utter forth their praise;
For we who speak, want words to tell our mean-
Here! fill the goblets with Phalernian wine, (ing.
And while our monarch drink, bid the shrill trum-
Tell all the gods that we propine their healths. (pet
(Trumpet sounds) King.

Chrononhotonthologos 15

King. Hold, Bombardinion, I esteem it fit,
With so much wine to eat a little bit.

Bomb. See that the table instantly be spread
With all that art or nature can produce;
'Traverse from pole to pole; sail round the world;
Bring ev'ry eatable that can be eat;
The king shall eat tho' all mankind be starv'd,

Enter Cook.

Cook. And it please your honour, there's some
cold pork in the pantry, I'll hash it for his majesty
in a minute. *(Exit in a hurry.)*

King. Hash'd pork! shall Chrononhotonthologos
Be fed with swine's flesh, and at a second hand?
Now, by the gods! thou dost insult us general.

Bomb. The gods can witness that I little thought
Your majesty to pork had such aversion!

King. Away thou traitor! dost thou mock thy
master? *(Strikes him.)*

Bomb. A blow! shall Bombardinion take a blow!
Blush! blush! thou sun! start back thou rapid ocean
Hills! vales! seas! mountains! all! commixing,
And into chaos pulverize the world; (crumble,
For Bombardinion has receiv'd a blow,
And Chrononhotonthologos shall die. *(Draws.)*

King. What means the traitor *(Draws.)*

Bomb. Traitor, in thy teeth:
Thus I defy thee: *(They fight; he kills the King.)*

Ha! what have I done!

Go call a coach; and let a coach be call'd;

And let the man that calls it be the caller;

And in his calling, let him nothing call

But coach! coach! coach! O for a coach, ye
gods! *(Exit raving)*

Returns

King.

Returns with a Doctor

How fares your majesty ?

Doct.

My lord, he's dead.

Bomb. Ha ! dead ! impossible ! it cannot be !

I'd not believe it tho' he himself should swear it !

Go join his body to his soul again,

Or by this hand thy soul shall quit thy body.

Doct. My lord, he's past the power of physick,
His soul has left this world.

Bomb. Then go to t'other world and fetch it
back ;

(Kills him)

And if I find thou triest with me there,

I'll chace thy shade thro' myriads of orbs,

And drive thee far beyond the verge of nature.

Ha ! call'st thou Chrononhotonthologos !

I come ! your faithful Bombardinion comes !

He comes in worlds unknown to make new wars,

And gain thee empires num'rous as the stars.

(Kills himself)

Enter Queen and others

Aldib. O ! horrid ! horrible ! and horrid'st horror

Our king ! our general ! our doctor dead !

All dead ! stone dead irrecoverably dead !

Oh !

(All groan a tragedy groan)

Queen. My husband dead ! ye gods, what is

To make a widow of a virgin queen ! (you mean

For to my great misfortune, he, poor king,

Has left me so, and that's a wretched thing !

Tatl. Why then, dear madam, make no further

Were I your majesty, I'd try another. (pothier

Queen. I think 'tis best to follow thy advice.

(Simpring)

Tat.

Tatl. I'll fit you with a husband in a trice ;

Here's Rigdum-Funnidos, a proper man,

If any one can please a queen he can.

Rigd. Ay, that I can please your majesty ; so ceremonies apart : let's proceed to the business.

(Kisses the Queen.)

Q. Oh! but the mourning takes up all my care ;

I'm at a loss what colour'd weeds to wear.

Rigd. O madam, never talk of mourning,

One ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow :

Let's bed to-night, and then we'll wed to-morrow.

I'll make thee a great man, my little Phoscophor-

ny

(Aside to Aldib.)

Aldib. I scorn thy bounty ; I'll be king or nothing :

Draw, miscreant, draw ! *(Rigd. runs behind the Q.)*

Queen. Well gentlemen, to make the matter easy

I'll have you both, and that I hope will please ye.

(Takes each by the hand.)

And now, Tatlanthe, thou art all my care,

Where shall I find thee such another pair !

Pity that one, has serv'd so long, so well

Should die a virgin, and lead apes in hell,

Choose for yourself, dear girl, our empire round,

Your portion is twelve hundred thousand pound.

Tatl. Thanks to your majesty ; give me the

Let me alone to find my self a honey. (money,

Tatlanthe sings.

Marriage may become a curse ;

Husbands may but tease me :

So for better or for worse

No husband e'er shall seize me.

Changing, ranging, at my pleasure,

C

Men

*Men in plenty for my treasure ;
I my self will keep the purse,
And pay them as they please me.*

Queen sings.

*Troth, my girl, thou'rt in the right,
And thy scheme I'll borrow :
'Tis a thought that's new and bright ;
Wedlock brings but sorrow.*

To Aldib, and Rigdum.

*Gentlemen, I'm not for marraige ;
But according to your carriage :
As you both behave to-night,
You shall be paid to-morrow.*

PROLOGUE

TO-night our comic muse the buskin wears,
And gives herself no small romantic airs;
truts in heroics, and in pompous verse,
does the minutest incidents rehearse:
ridicule's strict retrospect displays
the poetasters of these modern days
when the big bellowing bombast rend our ears,
which, stript of sound, quite void of sense appears;
when the fiddle faddle numbers flow,
evenly dull, elaborately low:
either extreme, when vain pretenders take,
the actor suffers for the author's sake;
the quite tir'd audience lose whole hours yet pay,
to go unpleas'd and unimprov'd away.
his being our scheme, we hope you will excuse
the wild excursion of the wanton muse:
without a frolic wears a mimic mask,
and sets herself a whimsical task;
it is meant to please; but if it should offend
it is very short, and soon will have an end.

P R

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Custom commands that something I should say
In favour of the poet and the play.
Criticks ! on you our author does depend ;
Be you his champion, and his cause defend
Yet know his drift, if wrong-heads should misplace it,
I'm bid to say, qui capit ille facit.
What e'er you please to censure or correct,
We shall attend with pleasure and respect :
But to our failings some indulgence give,
And with one gen'rous plaudit bid it live.

E. I. N. I. S.



E.

l say

splace it,